

JUNE 1993
ISSUE #54
FREE

SLUG

NSC

STIMBOY TALKS TO THE COWS

CONCERTS LETTERS GOATEES COMICS

ROCKABILLITY INTERVIEW: THE MUFFS

SNAKE HANDLER (A SHORT STORY)

A LOOK AT WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON IN TOWN

SLUG

JUNE 1993
ISSUE #54

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WORD SEARCH HELLS ANGELS?

A K A D L T N D S L E G N A F O E G A R
N N P S A O M C A N M A A O Q A W K A E
G S G K L R O C K C I T Y A N G E L S N
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X E T G L E G N A H T N E V E S O S P V
A N G L E C X S A A E I J Q A W S A E O

We all know rock n' roll is the Devil's music, but it sure has spawned a lot of bands named after Angel, including:

ANGEL
ANGELWITCH
ARC ANGEL
DARK ANGEL
DEATH ANGEL
DESOLATION ANGELS
ELECTRIC ANGELS

FIFTH ANGEL
MORBID ANGEL
OVERNIGHT ANGEL
RAGE OF ANGELS
ROCK CITY ANGELS
SEVENTH ANGEL

TL Miller Presents: CONVERSATIONS FEATURING DEB AND TODD!

WELL, I'LL BE. THIS OPINION POLL TAKEN WITHIN 24 HOURS OF THE WACO, TEXAS TRAGEDY SAYS THAT 93 PERCENT OF AMERICANS POLLED AGREED THAT THE ATF AND FBI DID A GOOD JOB IN THE WACO AFFAIR!



DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT MANY AMERICANS ARE ACTUALLY FOR REAL-LIFE, HEAVY-HANDED LAW AND ORDER OF THIS NATURE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DON'T AGREE WITH THE TACTICS USED EVEN IF THE BRANCH DAVIDIANS DID SET THEMSELVES ON FIRE. IT'S ALL VERY REMINISCENT OF THE JODIE FOSTER MOVIE, "THE ACCUSED" WHERE NOT EVERYONE IN THE ROOM PARTICIPATED IN THE RAPE BUT THEY ALL ENCOURAGED THE ACT BY THEIR BEHAVIOR.



DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT, YOU KNOW, THE FACT THAT WE FIT INTO THE 7 PERCENT CATEGORY OF PEOPLE WHO DISAGREE WITH THESE HEAVY-HANDED TACTICS?



LETTERS

Dear SLUG,

Regarding the letters about the "Mormon Update" column, someone new to our "pretty, great state" would have a hard time seeing that it's not just a religion, it's the dominant culture. Those already inundated by it should recognize a joke when they see one and lighten up. It's the overzealous, superstitious practices that give fuel to the satire anyway. Thanks and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Brian Staker

SLUG,

Why don't you go to the Under-Underground and cover some of the smaller bands under the even smaller record labels? Such as XXX Records, they are the best or even Doctor Dream Records ... and bands such as TENDER FURY or CADILLAC TRAMPS or BLACK GRASS.

Just Wondering
Steve Babcock

Ed. Note: Hey Steve, why don't you? We just print the stuff.

Dear Slug,

Give me a fucking break. Your review of the Bad Yodelers E.P. is totally laughable. "Terrence D.H.'s voice matures like aging wine, deepening in resonance and pitch." You and your other candy-ass friends that write for SLUG should spend less time boosting fluffs like Terrence D.H., and instead strive for objective journalism.

—Mort

Got a problem with something we print? Or do you even give a shit? Well, we do.. Don't be a wuss! Send us a line or two

Dickheads @ SLUG
P.O. Box 1081
Salt Lake City, Utah
84110-1081

OUR APOLOGIES TO THE
FOLLOWING FOR NOT
CREDITING THEM LAST MONTH...
CHRIS GRIFFIS for
DEAD KATS PHOTO
CHRIS SALISBURY for
WENDOVER STORY
THANK YOU VERY MUCH!!!

MISCELLANEOUS

SLUG'S FIRST AND LAST ANNUAL MUSIC AWARDS (VOTE EARLY, VOTE OFTEN, THEN GET A LIFE.)

1) Best band featuring a female who has told at least one bartender "No, I'm IN the fucking band!":

- A) Commonplace
- B) Doghouse
- C) The Heights
- D) Stone Pony

2) Best band featuring a guitarist named Andre:

- A) Mind at Large
- B) Prodigal of Smiles
- C) Pablo Cruise
- D) Stone Pony

3) Best bands for lazy marquee attendants:

- A) AU
- B) NSC
- C) TBA
- D) Stone Pony

4) Best grunge band but not really grunge although they kind of look like one therefore they are:

- A) River Bed Jed
- B) One Eye
- C) Daughters O' The Nile
- D) Stone Pony

5) Best industrial band like you really have a choice but this is a democracy so just play along:

- A) Fractal Method
- B) Two Ink Tacks
- C) A cement mixer with Mcauley Culkin thrown in it
- D) Stone Pony

6) Best reggae band but....fuck it, just pick one:

- A) Irie Heights
- B) Zion Tribe
- C) Drown Herbie Drown
- D) Stone Pony

7) Best Queensryche DNA cloning since Dream Theatre:

- A) Continuum
- B) Any band on KBER's "Best Of Rock" CD
- C) Any Rafter's band pushing the envelope by ditching the Motley Crue/Dokken Big Note chord book
- D) Stone Pony

8) Best cover band vocalist whose heartfelt and passionate delivery of the hits sets them one notch above a drunk CPA on karaoke night at Green Street:

- A) Kenny Carter/Under the Gun
- B) Erika Reddick/The Groove
- C) The dick in London Bridge/Mirror Image
- D) Stone Pony

9) Best live music venue with better acoustics than Spanky's:

- A) Capitol Bldg. Rotunda
- B) A racquetball court
- C) The Bat Cave
- D) Stone Pony

10) Best self-generated hype/bullshit since Desert Storm:

- A) The Groove
- B) Music Utah
- C) Bo Gritz
- D) Stone Pony

11) Best radio station to hear local music by shut-ins with sequencers or angry suburb punks with a boom box:

- A) X-96
- B) KRCL
- C) K-Talk (Bumpers of the weekend CFR/UFO/New World Order/Trilateral conspiracy guy)
- D) Stone Pony

12) Best music critic who should spend a weekend in prison wearing a prom dress and a splash of "Charlie":

- A) Jeff Vice/Deseret News
- B) Jeff Vice/Deseret News
- C) Jeff Vice/Deseret News
- D) Stone Pony

13) Best band to fly to the next SXSW Showdown on Stevie Ray Vaughan Airlines:

- A) The Obvious
- B) Get Off
- C) Bleeding Souls/De'Rail
- D) Stone pony

14) Best band who disappeared on the Vanilla Ice Witness Protection Program after intense overexposure:

- A) The Bachelors
- B) Amphouse Mother
- C) My Sister Jane (Oops, premature)
- D) Stone Pony

15) Best nicknames for SLUG:

- A) Salt Lake Unlistenable Garbage
- B) Stimboy Loathes Utah Grunge
- C) Smells Like Ugly Girls
- D) Stone Pony

Instructions: Cast maybe one vote in each category. Photocopies, carbon copies or crayon reproductions gladly accepted. Don't bother to include name or address—fabulous prizes given to insiders only. Entries must be received by June 1, 1993. Thanks!

—Helen Woolf

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Record Reviews

THE COLOUR THEORY

Orange

FAITH & DISEASE

Jarden Blue

AIDA HOUSE RECORDS

Listen up chellovecks and devotchkas, and all my droogs in the underground. *Orange* is the eemya and THE COLOUR THEORY is the eegral! Yes it's a new one from one of Salt Lake's little recognized bands and this single is bound to make you creech and crark with excitement and vred your yarbles horrorshow.

A send-up to the zammecat, A Clockwork Orange, *Orange* is a hard rocking lomtick of vinyl that'll crack your gulliver and have you back begging for more of the ultraviolence. Slooshy this one, with all its Damned glory: heavy power chords, pounding bass and drums and deep vocals with catchy pop/punk zvoos of Singing In The Rain. This is a well crafted warble that borrows heavily from the film but it works, and it works well.

On the flipside is the final installment of the anthemic *Steel Glass Shadow III*. Like its predecessors, it drives hard, with lyrics shouted out at intervals—a sing along favorite!

Jarden Blue is the second single from Seattle's FAITH & DISEASE and their first in collaboration with AIDA HOUSE RECORDS. It is another haunting tune that spins around musically, accented by female vocals that propel the song in all its beauty. There is a frailty to the music, as if the song might fall apart at any moment or blow away with a strong wind. Yet there is underlying strength from the rhythm section of the band that holds it together and keeps it turning around and around.

The single wasn't available at press time but the b-side listed is Crown Od Sorrow. FAITH & DISEASE is a fine offering of Seattle's music scene and a suprise to anyone who thinks Washington is only home to grunge and riot grrrls.

—Matt.

SUNSHINE & THE BIFFS

Some Sort Of Compilation (DAG)

This is the WEIRDEST recording I've heard in a long time. If you've heard this band before, then you already know what I mean. If you haven't heard them yet, then your life is still incomplete, and you better get one of their tapes before you die unfulfilled. This 60-minute cassette contains

16 songs, most culled from previous recordings, some previously unreleased. "8 Songs about babes, 12 Songs about death, 7 about Nothing," sez the inlay card... I don't know about that, but I do know this: this the most bizarre, absolutely unique, doesn't-sound-like-ANYTHING-else band that Utah has ever spawned. Maybe it's because they're from Bountiful. (Ever been to Bountiful? It's a nice place to live, but you wouldn't want to visit there.)

These 26 tunes are strange, nervy, off-center, dissonant, tragicomic, lively, unexpected, and utterly original. The only thing I can think of that even comes close is The Residents' early material (like the Commercial Album.) But, this doesn't sound like The Residents. I don't know what it sounds like...

The easy thing would be to dismiss this as mere throw-away comedy material, but, there's more than that going on here. Some genuine good playing and good songwriting are present here, lurking beneath the apparently-trivial surface like a mud-shark under your living-room carpet. This music probably sounds REAL COOL when you're on drugs.

It's hard to pick out individual tracks, because they're all pretty strange; but I especially like the deep, insightful lyrics of "Nacixem Love Songs" and "Quest For Platypus," or the subtle, haunting melodies of "Pizza Master" and "X-Mas Time Ded Birds."

You can buy this tape for \$5 at Imagine Music, and I think you should. I also think you should follow the band home, and build a nest in the crawlspace underneath their house; then you could listen to them all the time. But, the tape first; it's got real high-tech, state-of-the-art production and packaging. Besides, if you don't buy it, you'll get wars

—The Subhuman

THE ACCUSED

Splatter Rock

(Nasty Mbx)

Is it "Death Metal?" Is it hardcore, thrash, punk? None of the above. It's just what the title says: Splatter Rock! And it's a Seattle band that won't be on MTV anytime soon! The fast and furious killing frenzy that is their trademark slams through out this album, rivalling 1990's *Grinning Like an Undertaker* for sheer psychopathic blood lust.

Sure, there's some healthy sociopolitical outrage at work here in songs like "No Choice" or "Brutality and Corruption;" there's even a couple of relationship songs of the rejected-and-dejected variety, "Lettin' Go" and "Tearin' Me Apart." But the main theme here is the ruthless, bloody murder of

everyone in sight.

And of course the malevolent Martha Splatter head is here to do her part, in "She's Back:" "Slamming your head into the concrete, again and again, again and again." And again, there is a 60's cover tune; although THE ACCUSED don't so much cover as bludgeon-senseless-and-prematurely-inter the antique pophit "Green-Eyed-Lady," Which unexpectedly displays some actual, melodic singing.

But THE ACCUSED are at their best when they just balls-out rip and tear. The solid, driving rhythm section of bassist Alex and latest-drummer Devin keeps the band's feet on the ground—just barely—while Tommy's teeth-gnashin' riff-crashin' guitar work and Blaine's truly-demented vocals (he sounds kind of like Darby Crash after a couple of hits of crack and a six-pack of battery acid) combine to create a grisly alternative to the surgical-strike guitars and Cookie-Monster vocals of their younger "death metal" musical cousins. It seems a little strange that the sheer ferocity of this ten-year-old band should leave them sounding newer and fresher than many bands a fraction their age; but in a musical world where there can actually be such a thing as a "traditional death metal sound," I guess anything is possible.

The raw underproduction of this LP (recorded and mixed in six days) imparts a live-like feel that is fully appropriate to the gruesome subject matter and relentless pace of this pernicious little gem. This is music that invokes the same kind of spastic glee you felt when you got your very first switchblade. Unfortunately, it is also probably the last such blood bath, as Tommy has reportedly quit for good to play in Gruntruck, and rumor has it that Blaine has also taken a walk. If so, this is a fitting swan-song for the Seattle sickos and their murderous mascot. Turn it up loud, stand back, and watch the blood fly!

—The Subhuman.

TAR

Clincher

Touch and Go

Imagine the music of sheet metal workers if they constructed guitars of aluminum and formed a band. TAR aren't sheet metal workers, but two members play custom made aluminum guitars.

Clincher is the latest release from these Chicago residents. The 7-song EP's title comes from the brand-name of a 16-inch softball. TAR has the sound of pounding metal you would expect from aluminum guitars. The tempos move along like a melting mass of their namesake.

Lyrics are indecipherable over the lurching guitars, throbbing bass and minimalist drumming. The only song

with somewhat discernible vocals is the remake of last years single release, "Teetering." It is a driving, rhythmic song with the classic feel of Golden Earring's "Radar Love." The lyrics, "I've got to get out of here right now," summon claustrophobia and near panic.

Clincher is a dark, powerful blend of sludge and dense noise. There are no loose ends, TAR plays as tight as the strings wound around the core of "clincher." Don't lump them in with the glut of noise guitar bands. The sheer intensity of their rhythmic noise lifts them soaring from the pit.

—We

POLVO

Today's Active Lifestyle

Shit, life is good! Not only is vinyl starting to re-emerge as a viable commodity for independent labels, but POLVO has released their second record as well. Yes, I can call them records again, it's true. I have a record sitting in front of me. It says POLVO on it, against a vast yellow background with a CD size picture of small lions with horns. So much for the artistic values of vinyl.

As for the artistic merits of POLVO, let me just say that this is one of the most enjoyable finds in a long time. If you're tired of every band these days taking to the garage sound like sweat to an armpit, and coming out stinky, then maybe you should give this a shot.

Their first release last year threw up this wall of sound that carried itself along with a wash of intensity and a distinctly buzzy guitar sound. It was the kind of album that is defined by the whole, and not by the individual songs. And it was good. Now they are back, the best name in the business and a serious amount of talent.

Today's Active Lifestyles continue the definition of POLVO's unique sound, which consists of making their guitars do things their creator never intended. At times they sound like they're being tortured, but in a sadomasochistic way. Elsewhere it turns downright giddy and you find yourself laughing out loud at sound. Concentrate even further and it all turns into a bizarre ritual with layers upon layers of floating textures. There's not a lot of range in the vocals, but that's okay because they are addictive and the perfect pitch to sweep you along the rest of the mass. It's beautiful, and in my perfect world they'd be hanging out in my closet, giggling there every night.

But, who the hell are they? They don't even credit themselves anywhere on the album. They do have a great picture and credit to their sound man on the back though, and to me, that says it all.

—Ivar John Zeile

SEBADOH

Bubble & Scrape

100 POP - SP102

Fuck Pavement, that was last year. SEBADOH is the best thing I've heard in years. Maybe that's because their music sounds like it came from a garage in 1967. It is almost out of a garage. SEBADOH records live to four track in a house.

Jason, the main songwriter claims James Taylor and Jim Croce as influences. The influences are acceptable as far as lyrical content, but I can't imagine Taylor or Croce using a guitar with four strings as the lead instrument.

There is just a little too much psychedelia present in the musical interpretation. Sebadoh gets a nice little pop ditty going only to degenerate into Freakout era Mothers of Invention.

Don't stop reading, it isn't as retro as it sounds. "Elixir Is Zog" gets into the tribal thing. Agitated Radio Pilot opens like a B-52's song until Jason kicks in with his punk vocals. There's a little grunge and some totally intense rhythms. "Forced Love" is good for hair flinging until the sudden tempo change slows things way down. "No Way Out" is funk.

"Soul & Fire," the opening song, is an achingly beautiful folk song capturing all the pain of a broken romance. That one song is worth the price of the CD. Many recordings today put the best song first and then continue downhill to mediocrity. *Bubble & Scrape* gets better and better all the way through.

This tape is an example of why I love independent labels. A major label wouldn't touch anything this raw. That is exactly why it is so good, hi-tech production would ruin the music. A classic if I've ever heard one. Better buy it now before a middle aged guy with a pony tail has them sign a contract.

—Wa

JACK OR JIVE

Majyo

HIRSCHE NICHT AUFS SOFA

Musik Fur Schuhgeschäfte

DOM RECORDS

I've only recently discovered DOM Records out of Germany and am amazed by what I have heard so far. These two releases represent a wide spectrum of music put out by the label and also are representatives of two dissimilar countries--Japan and Germany.

Japan's JACK OR JIVE are an amalgamation of atmospherics, dream pop and Japanese culture into a unique and intensely interesting musical venture. This is their second CD of which I am aware and they continue to astonish and amaze me.

Asians are not known for beautiful vocal musings but Chako has created

her own style of singing, most closely compared to Cranes, but not so easily categorized. She can be at once melodic and discordant, ethereal and disturbing. Her voice rises from perfect pitch to off-key wanderings, nearly shrieks of agony and despair that augment the music and give it a wide range of emotion and vulnerability rarely heard in a recorded format. This is one of the most honest and powerful records I've heard since the days of The Birthday Party. Pure, raw humanity opened up for all to witness. Disturbing, harrowing, exultant!

H.N.A.S. have mastered the art of sampling and blending sounds, both their own and found, into records of ambience that could very well be soundtracks for daily life and all it's glory, pleasure and ennui. Again there is a mix of the sublime and the chaotic, with minor disturbances creeping into the music unexpectedly and then disappearing again; only to return in the form of some other aural demon. From their earlier recordings to this, their latest, H.N.A.S. have become virtuosos at the art of making sense out of chaos and turning it into music. This record may test your idea of what is and isn't music, but it is much more accessible and beautiful than the more disjointed NURSE WITH WOUND or HAFLER TRIO types of musicians.

—King Ink.

COP SHOOT COP

Ask Questions Later

Interscope Records

Cop Shoot Cop's major label debut on Interscope Records was released 3-30-93. Why do a review now, 2 months later? Because *Ask Questions Later* is unlike anything I've ever heard before. With two basses (one high and one low) drums, metal, synthesizers, and a voice that drives you crazy, they've formed a great combination.

COP SHOOT COP formed in July of 88 in a New York basement. They released their first release in January 89, *Head Kick Fascimile*, and their first tour in Japan in Sept. 89. Now with five releases, and five years touring, they are becoming a solid outfit that will certainly endure.

The new LP mixes all kinds of elements to create their unique sound. They used violins on "Cut To The Chase," an army cadence and whistles on "\$10 bill." This is not your typical industrial band either, in fact trying to categorize COP SHOOT COP would be quite difficult. They kick ass with talent. Rumor has it they are trying to set up a show now in Salt Lake, so watch the papers. If they do come, check them out and buy the CD.

—RDB

If Your Tape or CD hasn't been reviewed yet...it should be. Send it to us, or if you have...watch next month!

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MISCELLANEOUS

A SHORT POINTY BEARD

It's time to address this business of the goatee, the latest in male hipness. Is it fashion, rebellion, or boredom? Could it be a passing fad or will the president of our great country one day be sporting one? And should anybody really give a shit anyway? Well I certainly do.

I acquired my first goat just a couple of years into college, back in my hippie phase. At the time, it kind of seemed natural or at least exciting to experiment with the hair on my face. My mornings in front of the mirror revealed patchy outcroppings below the cheek bones, which I certainly thought was cool but realized it looked like shit. Down around the chin was another story, as I noticed a distinct, consistent little shrub begin to take form. I must have liked it because I went with it, patiently waiting until it blossomed in full.

I don't recall seeing many of my brethren with similar growth at that time. I do remember some of the looks that people gave me while in public, and acknowledge the fact that I didn't have a single date for the duration of my hipness. The only satisfaction I actually did achieve was in showing up at my mom's house totally out of the blue, freaking the shit out of her.

All of a sudden one day, a friend of mine pointed at my face and said "It looks like a golfball. HAHAAHAHA!" Thus ended my days of the goat. Or so I thought.

After finally achieving what I believed to be a full beard, bearing just the slightest resemblance to Charlie Manson, I gave up on the whole hair thing, shearing both my locks and my face. It was quite pleasant to see a totally different, new me, all squeaky clean. I even discovered something. My hair is curly! It's wavy as all shit. My world opened up. People offered me jobs. Girls started talking to me and cooked my favorite dinners. Life was easy.

I won't kid you, life was still dull. My job was dull, the women

who flirted were dull, and my mom lives a couple thousand miles away! I started to remember how much I hate to shave, how much I hate to pay for haircuts, and how much I loved to flap my locks around at punk rock gigs. I also remembered how greasy and hot long hair is. What was I to do?

Well, I hate to pander to the languor of fashion. The only time I truly got sucked into a major statement concerning fashion was when I stopped wearing underwear after watching Betty Blue, but that's hardly noticeable. When my goat came back, I again thought it was merely instinct. You see, my electric razor is plugged into the only socket in the bathroom, which is hooked up to the light switch. By the time I'm ready to shave in the morning, I only have enough juice in my razor to just get the sides of my face as well as the underside of my chin (and even that's a bitch). The rest of my facial hair spirals around from upper lip to chin, with just a patch hanging in the center. I'm not even sure if it's considered a goatee, but I don't give a shit. I'm happy with it.

Content in my own little world I one day noticed something fascinating. I was at Burt's Tiki-lounge one night. The place was rocking and every single male in the bar had a wisp or more of hair sprouting from their chin. No shit! The bar was filled with pretty women and everyone was having a great time I was pleased.

Soon after, everywhere I went was goat territory. There were goats all shapes and sizes, small runty things, beautiful full-bloom forms, as well as the occasional strokes of artistry that makes you step back and say "Jesus. Christ!" Finally, it's a movement, and one that we can be proud of. It's wild and quite individual and it can't be purchased at Nordstroms! Now when I walk down the streets I walk with pride and a big "Fuck You" to those with slanderous thoughts running in their heads. "Fuck You" I say, as I twirl and play with my little friend on my chin.

—By Ivar John Zola



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THINGS I HATE



FUNDAMENTALIST CHRISTIANS

Not since the great Witchhunts and the Rosicrucion has there been such a nasty rash of these horrid wanna-be-saint warriors springing from suburbs of every goddamn town of this artistically repressed country. I am not down on Christians or non-Christians or anything in between. But these self-righteous Christians are really starting to get under my skin.

It seems that everytime I turn on my TV, Donahue, Geraldo, & Sally Jesse are mediating a war between prostitutes & Christians, or pornographers & Christians, or Planned Parenthood & Christians. Now being raised christian, I learned a thing or two about what the big hancho taught people way back in the good old days. One of the first things I learned was that its best to "turn the other cheek" and "Love thy neighbor." Some people can do that, and others bomb abortion clinics and try to shut down cable for the general public.

I may not be the greatest philosopher of all times but it seems quite simple to me: If you don't believe in abortion than you shouldn't have one, if you don't like the nudity on cable TV, have it disconnected, and if you can't control your own little brats by educating them than don't try to put an end to all of my favorite vices. Mind your own business and stay out of mine.



PEOPLE WHO HATE POSERS

Maybe since I have always been or have always tried to be a poser, I have seen the biggest amount of hypocrisy of all (except of course the Christian Fundamentalists). And the worst of the Poser police are the "Old Punks." These are the people who were born punks and never discovered something new by trying it or dressing so they wouldn't feel out of place. These are the founding fathers of

self-righteousness. "Poser" is the term used to describe anybody who hasn't been doing something, or been part of "scene" as long as you have. If you say it just right, it can really make you feel better than that other person, and way more important. So, the next time you see someone trying to fit in to what you are already doing, give them a good sock in the tit and call them a fuckin' poser.



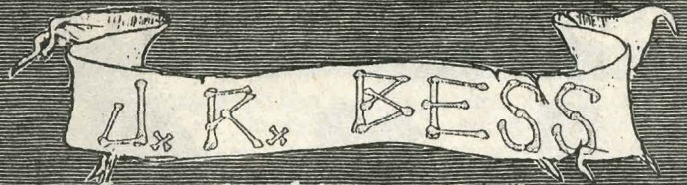
THE X96 GEEKS

I am not one to say what is or is not hip, cool, or timely, but who in the hell told X96 they could, I have followed the "modern music" thing for a long time, and it seems when KQGL started up a long time ago, the people who put it together did a pretty good job of playing music that was interesting and new. Now (actually for about a year or so) these supposed same people are still in control of what they are calling alternative music. Now, being dragged around by their corporate nuts, these same pioneers are playing the most washed-up corporate mush they can get their hands on.

If you tune in on a Sunday night or in the wee hours of the morning when I start my day, you can hear the occasional new thing that hasn't been shoved up your ass so many times. It's worse than listening to Bob Seger over and over; not that it's that bad, it's just that I've been listening to it for fifteen years. X96 has the option to be the alternative source in town. They wear the "Modern & Alternative" badge, (which takes a lot of guts these days) but I hear a lot of the same songs on X96 that I can hear on the top-40 stations during prime advertising time. I really hate to make a complaint without some sort of solution but starting your own radio station is a bit costly on minimum wage. KRCL has some good programming at times, but it seems like you have to wade through so much new age & Grateful Dead to hear it, or memorize the schedule. I guess the same is true in any business, you have to sell the product that the moral majority mush heads demand.

—The Evil Cynic

—Next month: Homophobic Assholes, Avid Sports Fans and the Thirty Something Meat Market In SLC. If you have input on any of these subjects, send me a post Card to: THE EVIL CYNIC, @ P.O. Box 1061, Salt Lake City Utah 84110-1061



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COVER STORY

N.S.C.

We're N.S.C., five people with very different views and ideas. Rather than having an interview, we've opted to present ourselves in our own way.

SARA

I don't want to lecture about all of the fucked up things in this world, most of you know about a lot of them already. There are many problems, many who claim to have the answers but very few true solutions. Sometimes the best way to facilitate change is to become informed, share what you know and live what you believe.

I want this world to change. Many things. I feel the pain of the earth. It hurts to breathe. With work, cooperation and awareness, I believe it will change. The spirit of the Mother demands it. I do not expect people to believe everything we say, or anything. I just ask them to think ... and question. Don't wait for others. Begin within ourselves.

TRAVIS

The human condition. To fall down and scrape your knees, only to do it again. To feel the pain and not to learn. It's the suffering that brings us to greatness. I can't stop the world and it's ways, but I'll die screaming for justice. To do anything else would only tear at the very fiber of my being. We must be honest with ourselves. Sing about politics? Why the fuck not? Isn't it something that pervades our lives to such an extent that we can't ignore it? I'm tired of hearing about reasons not to write songs about politics and things that matter more than friends stabbing you in the back or endless parades of love songs coursing through our minds. Enough of the frivolities of life. Let's tear it all down and start from scratch. I don't want you to

look at me as someone who has any answers. I don't. But, I look for them anyway. I can't forget that I have to make myself worthy. And release myself from the human condition.

KAJ

What is the reason for us (or possibly just my premonition) to be involved in the so-called "S.L.C. scene." Is it that we need some type of companionship? Or are we trying to change something that troubles us in our everyday lives? I think it is possibly these and many endless points of interest that draws me into the rigors of getting out of my house, and attempting some form of communication other than what is shared among my friends.

Communication is the most essential role we can play in becoming more compassionate to others unique personalities. The major reason we have lost, or more appropriately "lost for us," the ability to have a self-reliant role in our daily lives - is that we lost communication outside our various factions of our own personal communities. We have lost touch with what is going on around us! The dominant forces in our lives took control of the communal apathy we shared and twisted it into something that is beneficial to a small number of control junkies. We have become everything this small sect has imagined, and all the while we stand back and give thanks for the shit they feed us thinking this is what we deserve. I have never known anything other than the flag and safety through control and fear. Is it the way I was brought up and many other people in the world were raised in a similar or mirrored fashion. I cannot understand or decipher the things that I'm not allowed to make an autonomous and free-willed de-

cision - without being bombarded with pre-conceived or falsified information. We have to, or more importantly in myself, begin to weed through the bureaucratic rhetoric we are fed and start to question the issue and actions we find questionable.

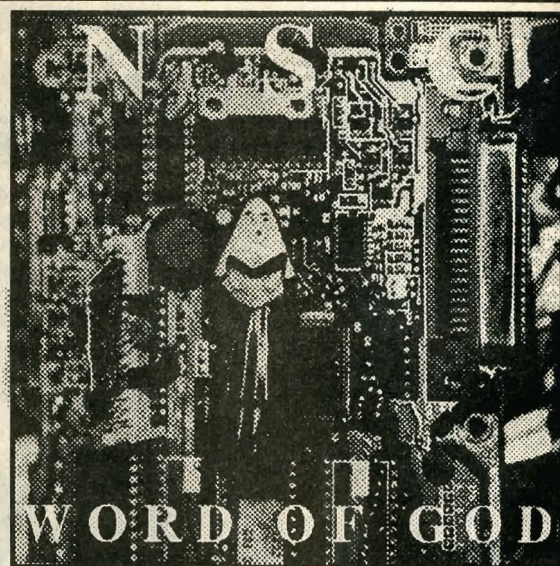
At the beginning of next year a number of people have an idea - we want to open up a club that is non-profit, volunteer, all ages, and a collective run non-capitalist venue. It would be run by whomever decides to contribute and volunteer their time in keeping the club open. Further down the road we hope to introduce a coffee shop, small soup & sandwich shop, and a place to gather, to practice the art of communication. If there is anyone interested in being a part of such a club get in contact with us so we can begin brainstorming ways in making such an endeavor come about. Let's take back our scene and then we can take back our lives.

Chris

Into the forum's fire we throw the fat; the rancid political spittle crackling and seething in the hot bourbon breath of intimate inspection.

Johnny was a good boy who never asked why. He let the status quo do his thinking for him. It was easy. But all was as it shouldn't be. The groundwork had been done but times had changed. The ideas were shaking the foundations and the shingles had begun to fall, but proportionate to this there was a rise in hostility - the fear of upsetting a system - a fear of the unknown. Free fall... Authentic existence... requires a responsibility to action.

Time was, a man knew where he stood - morally, ethically, physically, whatever. His effective domain stretched only as far as a horse could ride in a day. He knew himself, his thoughts, his feelings. The wilderness was as yet, relatively



unfettered and clean. It was his for the taking. Then agriculture and industry upset this delicate balance of creature and Earth which and heretofore been the well-spring of life. Our need for creature comforts overcame the need to maintain our mother; granted we considered the earth's resources to be an inexhaustible supply. Don't mess with mother nature lest she mess you back. Regardless of this via the need to sell through our capitalist society, our oversized, greedy brains nurtured the creation of imagery was inaugurated as our modus operandi. Space and matter were conquered, to a certain degree (time remains a more elusive critter), and since the capture of the atom's power we have fancied ourselves masters of the universe. Yet we are now awash in such a plethora of 'progress', ideas and dissenting opinions that this uncontrollable technological tide of events threatens to annihilate our identity. All this and more regardless of our desire to rest on our laurels and the stable family orientated ideals of the 50's.

Time was, I thought that everyone should be allowed their individual world views no matter how complacent, judgmental or close minded they were. I felt that to not accept their viewpoint as being a valid world view in their own right was tantamount to revealing my own closed-mindedness for judging them as they do me. Everyone is entitled to their own ideas, as conforming and judgmental as they might be call it "the freedom of thought act." For some reason, the concept that you have the right to be wrong al-

rays appealed to me. Yet now I vehemently opposed to such blind acceptance of judgemental fingerpointing. The pressure hat I feel to be normal, conforming and a productive contributor to society is a direct assault on my own personal freedom. I don't shove my personal beliefs down anyone else's throat so why should I be subjected to theirs? To rebel against this force is to rebel against the very societal constructs within which our government attempts to make us tow the line or be shunned in exile for being some strange individualist.

How true (and ironic) this army bumper sticker I saw is that says "Freedom isn't Free!" We buy our freedom with blood, death and money! How much more blatantly contradictory could the basic patriotic fervor on which this country rests be than "Freedom isn't Free?" Thus, a note of caution: Don't look too closely at the tenets upon which our Constitution rests lest the lines of distinction blur, the red, white and blue borders grow gray and the terms swim in an ever increasing morass of political hype.

Who are we to say that humans are the apex of living issue? Who are we to say that animals (or plants) don't enjoy a more profound state of peaceful consciousness than we ever will? The presumptive, greedy, judgemental, holier-than-thou nature of the (American) human mind is galling beyond belief! Can't we all just get along? Ha! No fucking way! You new age enthusiasts better get a fucking grip. Utopia ain't coming until we tear this society a new asshole or rip it up all together. What does it take to galvanize you people? This town needs a peppy rallying point, I've never known.

Decentralization is good for the government because there is nothing that you can strike at that would debilitate a good portion of the whole burgeoning disaster waiting to happen but it's not good for us because there is no cohesion what-so-ever. That's why they want to keep us splintered. Decentralized, mass marketed, macho materialistic, nationalist, money/business oriented rock (boring), formulated, sexist, vain people are naturally pitted to beat each

other out. Gimme the antithesis of all this any day.

Oh yeah, I play drums for the N.S.C. I'm gonna do my best to blast some real freedom into that vacuum of mass culture betwixt yer ears any way I can. I'm a meat earin', sex slurpin', anti-P.C. hedon hoodlum scum from hell. Mine is the true word of God and you can take that to the bank!! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!!! I'm your worst nightmare! Any correspondence/hate mail/interaction with deviants, degenerates, political reactionaries, pre-operative hermaphrodites or leather/latex bound, carnivorous, anti-P.C. demonatrix women is wholeheartedly encouraged. Bite me at Chris c/o R.U. Dead Music. Will reply.

Dwayne

Run to the sandy sand, to the cactus and back again, down a long paved road past the oil refineries, gas sales stations, powerlines, automobiles all stolen and sold to you by the same people who have removed you from reality, tied your blind folds, and waited your next payment. The predator grows as do its

tools: television, sexism, racism, behavior. Fake, real, real fake. Money, selling you the idea that they are your only choice. You can see them high on a dead hill, or moving to one, still pristine, alive enough to kill... if you're ever in doubt look at the billboards, they'll help guide you to a better tomorrow called No where. God bless our helps. God bless our unborn troops. Build more walls and fences and computers and kill everything you see. We run to the sandy sand, to the cactus and back again. I went to the desert. We walked on the red rocks and through the waterfalls barefoot on earth.

N.S.C.

N.S.C. is: Travis and Sarah, vocals; Dwayne, guitar; Kaj, bass; and Chris, drums. They recently were included on the "Our Choice, Pro-Choice" 7" and have just released their first 7", "Word of God." They are also on the "Big Mountain" benefit compilation. They will be touring the eastern United States in June. They can be contacted at N.S.C., P.O. Box 11015 Salt Lake City, Utah 84147.

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8 3 PIGS	9 HONEST ENGINE & MAYBERRY	10 SCAR STRANGLER BANGER with GRASP INFINITY	11 GAMMA RAYS	12 GAMMA RAYS
15 THE FRANKS	16 TONGUES & GROOVE	17 COME DUMPSTER and FRACTAL METHOD	18 THE CHANGE	19 ONE EYE
22 PSONIC PROPHET	23 EASEL GUEST TBA	24 ATOMIC 61 with AU & ABSTRAK	25 TBA	DRIPPERS
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INTERVIEW



the Muffs

When I was a wee pup of a lad, I used to spend a good portion of my time and income going to shows at a loathsome little bar called "Night Moves" in Huntington Beach, California. It was there I first saw Kim Shattuck and Melanie Vammen. At the time, their talents were being neglected in a ginchy combo known as the PANDORAS, yet somehow I knew, the meeting was much more memorable for me than it was for them. Years later, Kim on guitar and vocals and Melanie on rhythm guitar have been joined by bass plucker and microphone stand abuser, Ronnie Barnett and Criss Crass, the busiest drummer in Hollywood to create the MUFFS. Although the MUFFS can out wail and out rock just about anyone who comes down the pike, their sounds owe more to the Buzzcocks and Beatles than L7 or the Sex Pistols.

I was fortunate enough to collar the MUFFS for some conversation after they opened for the Goo Goo Dolls on May 6th at the Zephyr. If you missed their fuzz soaked, dog-piling set that night or can't find any of their numerable singles around town, I urge you to pick up their new self titled CD on Warner Bros.

SLUG: OK, let's hear a brief history of the band for readers who aren't hip to the Muffs. Like, where'd you guys grow up? Where'd you go to high school?

KIM: I went to high school in Orange and everybody there is a geek. Everybody! Every single person is a geek so I didn't go to my reunion or anything. That happened a couple of years ago, no one year ago, no, it hasn't even happened yet!

RONNIE: I'm from Houston Texas and I moved to California.

SLUG: To be a rock star?

RONNIE: No, not at all, I gave up being in bands a long time ago. I moved out because of a girl and hung around and basically fell into being in this band, because of this girl.

SLUG: Because of a girl?

RONNIE: Because of her.
KIM: Because of me, but it ended. It's cool now, we're buddies.
SLUG: What bands were you in before the Muffs?

KIM: I used to be in this really shitty band called the Pandoras.

SLUG: I liked the Pandoras.

KIM: Well, we weren't always shitty. Melanie was in that band too, and Criss is in, like, 41 bands, which he shouldn't brag about but he does.

RONNIE: I started writing, doing the "rock critic" thing which is what I did.

SLUG: What's happening in Los Angeles? What's the hot gossip? We can swap some gossip!

RONNIE: We gotta get in the Tabitha Soren story. Okay, Layne, the singer from Alice In Chains was fucking her and right at her moment of climax, she screams for the number two pencil: "number two pencil, number two pencil!" Straight up the canner right when, y'know, she's having her orgasm. And that's true, by the way.

SLUG: Well I don't really have story to top that one. Once I asked Don Bolles to autograph a Germs record for me and he signed it: "Kim Fowley."

KIM: Was this a long time ago?

SLUG: Yeah, it was at a 45 Grave show.

KIM: You know, one time he came up to me because he worked at a some radio station that was around for a while called MARS FM or something, it was really bad, they played a bunch of disco. And he came up to me and he's all saying "You should listen to our station." And I'm like, "No, I don't like disco, or techno anything." And he's like, "No, you should hear it, some of the melodies are really great." So I turned it on one time and it was really fucked. And he's all, "Can I have your single?" And I'm like, "well, guess you can buy one off of us." And he's all, "well I wasn't going to play it on the radio or anything!" And we're like, "We don't want you to play it on your stupid ass radio station."

RONNIE: So we put his song on our single and he's uncredited.

KIM: Yeah, we forgot what his name was, we spelled it wrong.

RONNIE: It was "You Lied to Me", it's an old Vox Pop song. That was our first single.

SLUG: Tell me your impressions of Salt Lake City.

SLUG: Tell me your impressions of Salt Lake City.

RONNIE: Total rock club with autographed blues players on the wall.
KIM: You know, I wandered off to a pub but it didn't have cider so I was really bummed. I sat by a bunch of yuppies drinking beer, so I drank a beer and was totally ignored except for a few stares. And I swear, I haven't seen anything else here.

RONNIE: The thing I notice is that there's absolutely no smog here, no smog at all.

SLUG: That's because it's been raining. In the winter, it's as bad as Los Angeles. (At this point someone mentions Matthew Modine, I don't know why.)

RONNIE: Is he the most famous export from Salt Lake City?

JILL: No, Ted Bundy!

SLUG: Rosanne Barr.

RONNIE: What bands are from here?
SLUG: There's a lot of great bands here but they play at other clubs. This one is kind of expensive, last time I came here I spent forty dollars.

KIM: Why?

SLUG: Cause I bought three beers!

RONNIE: I saw these hillbilly fuckers here, two-stepping. That was really wierd.

SLUG: What's the deal with the picture in the "Shaneshit" column in Flipside?

RONNIE: He printed that picture and he didn't even write about us. He's a wierd fucker and he's out of jail.

KIM: He comes to our shows and we had a long conversation over the phone and we're like "How dare you use a picture of Melanie's muff without our consent?" But he was all nice about it so we said, oh well, go ahead. Anyway, Melanie's muff is very groomed.

SLUG: How did you hook up with Long Gone John? He's my idol. Sympathy rules.

KIM: He enabled us to do our first single. Him and Bruce from A Go Go records pooled their money together and said "do some recordings for us." So we did five songs and they split them up.

RONNIE: Long Gone John is like the father of the Muffs.

KIM: He is, he's our dad. He's so cool.

MELANIE: Long Gone John started our fan club.

KIM: You can hear him from a mile away walking towards you.

MELANIE: (Imitating John) "Hey, yoooo!"

RONNIE: He jingles like a shite muslim from San Juan.

(At this point, Criss the drummer enters.)

CRISS: I'm Criss Crass and I'm here to rock ya!

KIM: Long Gone John is like our dad, but he's a cool dad because he swears in front of his kids. Everything is like, "this is fucking cool" or "This is fucking great"

MELANIE: No, you have to do it the way he does. He goes; "Hi, this is fucking Johnny, fuck, fuck yeah." And it's cool because he has a daughter my age, I'm twenty six, and he's like forty two I think, you wouldn't believe it, he's amazing. He's been my friend for a long, long

time.

SLUG: Was the show tonight typical? In terms of your performance, not in terms of the audience.

MELANIE: Well, I would have to say I was a little buzzed tonight but I definitely had more fun. This was like really disappointing when we first walked in here but then these people came in and it was like cool people. When there's no one in there but there's cool people who enjoy it, it makes it a better show than if there's a bunch of duds that don't want to see you.

SLUG: So do you have any hot gossip or tour stories?

MELANIE: Let's see, gossip on the road. Okay, we played in Chicago and we met Cynthia plaster caster, I guess she's like a big fan of ours, and she just won her court case and got Jimi Hendrix back. She wants to plaster cast Ronnie and her lawyer is Santiago Durango from Big Black. And me and him are getting married.

KIM: Wait, who are you getting married to Melanie?

MELANIE: Santiago Durango.

KIM: Santiago Durango is bald as a billiard ball.

RONNIE: Cynthia wants to cast my cock in plaster.

KIM: Ronnie has a big crush on her but she has big saggy tits and a big belly.

RONNIE: I'm totally in love with her, she is the ultimate groupie.

KIM: No, Pamela DesBarres is way cooler, you're fucking blind, you have your glasses off.

MELANIE: I think the ultimate death would be, to be playing on stage and have all this water go under you and your chords and pedals and all of a sudden you get electrocuted and sparks come out and you die suddenly and fall to the ground.

KYLE: (Muffs roadie extraordinaire) I know somebody that died on stage in San Francisco. He was the singer for the band Housecoat Project. They were on stage at the Mabuhay in 84 or 85 and the guy was barefoot. When he went up to sing, the shock threw him all the way into the drums, and he was dead right there. The coroners office said officially that it was natural causes which is bullshit!

KIM: For future reference, for your magazine, you should ask what the most perfect, amazing death would be. I don't have one because I always think about it all the time. But, one of the best ways to die, is to die in front of a lot of people on live television. So, if you were on Saturday Night Live, the whole entire east coast would be really amazed, and they would see you die. Well, you know, it has to be way worth it, of course, to kill yourself. This is Kim speaking, Kim who has a death wish.

SLUG: Doyou always harrass people in the audience?

KIM: (Laughing) No, only when I'm really drunk, and I was really drunk tonight. No, I sometimes harrass people in the audience sometimes I don't

SLUG: Who are you major influences?
KIM: My big influences for music are The Kinks, especially Dave Davies when he played leads. As far as songwriting, I don't know.

SLUG: Do your songs have certain themes?

KIM: Yes, they're usually negative right? And they're usually about death, there's always little themes. There's a little bit here and there of death, insanity, and make this person go away.

SLUG: Well I can appreciate all of those topics. There's sort of a common thread.

KIM: Yeah. It's like, "fuck you, go away, leave, bye." Death is definitely an interesting subject but but most people who are like, always into death are usually like these goth bands.

SLUG: And a lot of them are spoiled little fuckers who've never actually dealt with death.

KIM: Yeah, I'm totally not into these spoiled little fuckers who are like goth rock geeks with white make up and blue eye shadow. I'm only into death on my own thing, I mean it's interesting to talk about and I always think about it, I just like to be morbid. I have a morbid sense of humor, I just can't help it. I just can't help it!

SLUG: You know, the whole tragedy of David Koresh is that he died before he could record an album.

KIM: I know! What's the deal here?

SLUG: He could have recorded a duet with Charles Manson.

KIM: They could have had a great band.

I would have jammed with him. I would be way into that. Every tour I've ever been on, I've read some book about a mass murderer. Like Albert Fish who stuck needles in his scrotum, Ed Gein. In 89 we went to Plainsfield, Wisconsin on tour with the Pandoras and me and Melanie were both really, really drunk and we were laying in the motor home and we went out for breakfast and Melanie, who was even more drunk than me goes, "where's the cemetery?" And the lady goes "you're really fucked" and Melanie got yelled at and she felt bad and she burst into tears drunkenly, of course and she ran out of the room.

And I'm like, "what's going on?" And the roadies explained that, the waitress was bummed that Melanie had asked about the cemetery, which is a really sensitive subject in Plainsfield. So we bought T-shirts and postcards.

SLUG: When I was a little kid I made my mom take me to the Sharon Tate house.
KIM: We went there before. You know the band Redd Kross? We used to hang out with them all the time and do these fucked things to people. I wasn't with them when they lit fireworks around Lucille Ball's house when she died. They went all up on the front porch and scared the shit out of everybody who was in the house. They went to Cielo Drive as well and they threw a mannequin, this all fucked up and bloody looking dummy thing and threw it over the fence of the Manson house. I wasn't there for those particular antics, though.

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COMIC REVIEWS

BLACK DOGS

Written and drawn by

Ho Che Anderson

Fantagraphics Books

In an increasingly political arts scene, the Rodney King beating was bound to inspire a comic book or two, and Ho Che Anderson's **BLACK DOGS** is the first to arrive.

Unfortunately, writer-illustrator Anderson suffers from overreaction and lack of professionalism. **BLACK DOGS** (with an extremely heavy hand) follows a few days in the lives of couple Monk and Sonjhe in the aftermath of the King verdict and L.A. riots.

Journalist Sonjhe is the more level-headed of the two as she argues for tolerance despite the actions, while Monk almost froths at the mouth complaining about injustice. While Sonjhe wishes to leave the inner city for a better place for their expected child, Monk wishes to remain true to his roots...

Not much actually transpires in **BLACK DOGS**, other than a lot of debate between the two and a contrived racist situation.

Creator Anderson is a talented artist (blending influences like Howard Chaykin and Bill Sienkiewicz), but a writer he is not. The dialogue is contrived and, at times, so ham-fisted that any message is lost. In the forward, Anderson admits that the comic "is not a solution" but "merely a discussion." Unfortunately, it ranks as a rather lousy discussion, as intelligent discourse is jettisoned for stacy incidents and ridiculous verbiage.

Yes, the Rodney King beating was outrageous. Yes, racism is on the rise and something needs to be done to merge heterogeneous culture and beliefs into a homogeneous society. Efforts like **BLACK DOGS** can only serve to hold back solutions, though. The true shame here is that artist Anderson's next project is a fictionalized biography of Martin Luther King, Jr. The mind

boggles...(B&W,\$1.95) Grade: D-
—Scott Vice

PALESTINE

Written and drawn by

Joe Sacco

Fantagraphics Books

Joe Sacco is probably best known in the comics field for his autobiographical work, but the talented cartoonist recently picked an ambitious project: **PALESTINE**, a comic book detailing the strife in the Middle East through Sacco's own eyes as he tours the area.

#2, the most recent issue, follows Sacco from a taxi ride in Nablus, to a refugee hospital (where his guide is jeered and ridiculed by armed settlers).

But a good chunk of the issue is taken up by "Remind Me," an illustrated text-piece in which Sacco visits Balata, "the biggest refugee camp in the West Bank" and details the roots of Zionism and the occupation struggles.

Happily, Sacco's narrative skills, honed on depicting his own life, serve well on this material. In the hands of somebody less talented, **PALESTINE** could lapse into ridiculousness and ranting, but Sacco remains calm, reasoned, and charming. Yes, the story does come out against the Israelis, but it's hard to muster much sympathy for the Zionist movement when they inflict such suffering on the Palestinians.

Sacco's art is very cartoony, but also very detailed. While the figures and faces are distinctive and "non-realist," the renderings are extremely powerful and provocative.

If political material could be handled this well in all comic books, the medium would truly expand. But for now, Joe Sacco and a relatively few others are stretching the boundaries. (B&W: \$2.50) Grade: A-
—Scott Vice

(Aside: Noteworthy recent comics include **PEEPSHOW** #4 [the latest angst-ridden slice of Joe Matt's life], **MILK & CHEESE'S FOURTH** #1, and **GREGORY III** [in which cartoonist Marc Hempel returns to form].)

REAL STUFF

Fantagraphics

The sign of a true artist is that he (or she) knows his (or her) limitations. Under that criterion, Dennis Eichhorn is an artist. Eichhorn has been a jock,

a bar manager, a bouncer, a firefighter, a convict, and a bartender among other things. But strangely, he's best at being a storyteller. "REAL STUFF's" 12-issue run (so far) features Eichhorn's sometimes poignant, sometimes terrifying, sometimes hilarious but always entertaining tales, illustrated by a variety of independent comics artists.

Number 12, the most current issue, features an epic-length tale involving a drug-inspired, hitchhike trek to Idaho, served up with art by Pat Moriarty, J.R. Williams and Jason Lutes. The first two chapters, in particular, are beautifully illustrated, and reflect Eichhorn's mental state perfectly.

Other issues, especially the first couple, feature even better stories and even more impressive artistic line-ups (with heavy hitters like Peter Bagge, Michael Dougan, Jim Woodring, and the overlooked Stanley Shaw). Who says autobiographical comics are all shrill, self-indulgent twaddle? This really is the real stuff. Grade A (B&W, \$2.50)
—Jeffy

BIG MOUTH

Starhead

Like Eichhorn, Pat Moriarty knows his strengths, in particular, his wide range of cartooning styles. Letting others (like Peter Bagge, Dennis Eichhorn, Charles Bukowski, Dennis Worden and—Gasp! Henry Rollins) speak through him with their writings, Moriarty has seemingly come out of nowhere, making a splash the likes of which haven't been seen since Joe Matt, Ed Brubaker and Seth came on the scene a few years ago.

Only two issues have come out so far, but it's surprising that a larger comics company (such as Fantagraphics) hasn't snatched Moriarty yet, especially with such a winning formula.

From humor to pathos to rain-old strangeness (like the aforementioned Rollins story) Moriarty draws it all well (even blending with R.L. Crabb's much-traveled inks). Here's hoping you open your "Big Mouth" and discover the wonders within. Grade: A (B&W, \$2.50)
—Jeffy

Note: Also worth checking out: "Stickboy" #6 (Starhead), "Cerebus" #169, "Hate" #12 (Fantagraphics), and "Trailer Trash" #4 (Tundra).



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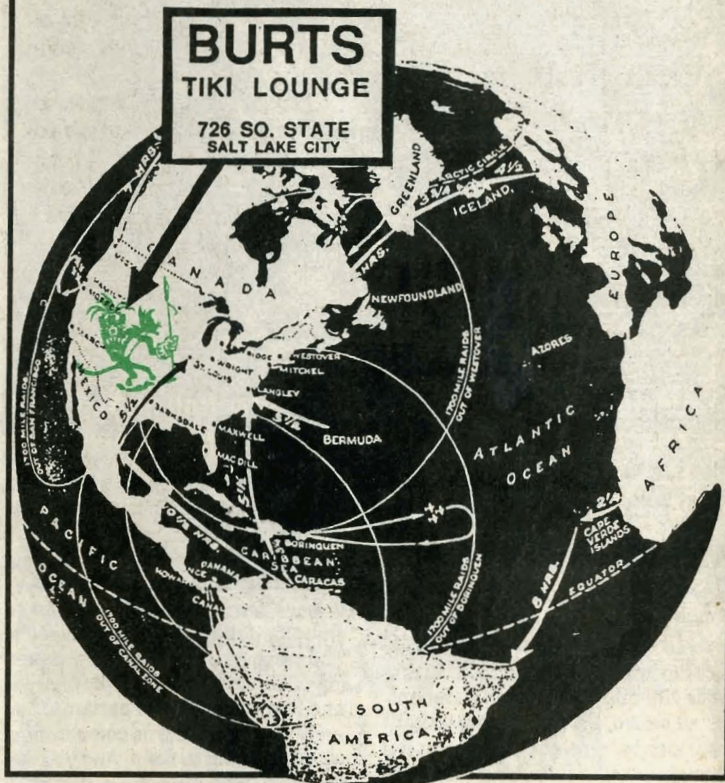
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CONCERT REVIEWS



FIREHOSE @ The Bar & Grill photo: Robert DeBerry

FAITH & DISEASE THE COLOUR THEORY MIDNIGHT DREARY

April 28th @ the Ritz

Billed as a Gothic show, most of you were probably too bloody scared to show your faces at the Ritz, although there was a decent-sized crowd. Certainly there was an abundance of black-clad persons, complete with white face and dark make-up, androgynous in nature and attitude; but even some normal underground types put in an appearance for a great show.

Leading off were fairly recent newcomers to the scene, MIDNIGHT DREARY. A cross between Alien Sex Fiend and Christian Death as far as attitude and stage presence, their music had a feel more of the early Cure, with melodic bass and drum rhythms pumping underneath guitar noise and keyboard atmospherics, overlaid by nerve-wrenching vocal acrobatics. These boys are the first band to break out of the ever-growing baby bat subculture in Salt Lake. Theatrics seem to be the strength of MIDNIGHT DREARY, hiding behind vast amounts of thick fog, candles, skulls and assorted cliché death-rock accoutrements. Definitely something to experience. And as they get more performances under their respective belts, perhaps they will focus more on songs than set dressing.

THE COLOUR THEORY played an incredibly powerful set consisting of standards from their *Steel Glass Shadows* CD—*Circles*, *Steel Glass Shadows*, *Dorian*, etc.—plus four or five new songs, including their forthcoming single, *Orange*, a send-off to Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*. I've seen THE COLOUR THEORY many times in the past few years and their shows

of late have shown an increased energy and performance level that demand attention. The band has definitely matured, and, best of all, they rock hard! Power chords rip out over throbbing bass and heavy drums. Over the top come Dury's smooth, deeply charismatic vocals. The newer songs see them breaking out of traditional steady rhythms and into more diverse patterns. The early Damned records come to mind when listening to them. And you can tell from watching them that they are enjoying what they are doing on stage. If you've missed them so far, now is the time to check out THE COLOUR THEORY.

Seattle's FAITH & DISEASE seem to suffer from an identity crisis. They appear to have all the trappings of a Gothic rock band except the musical aspect. They played through a variety of beautiful, yet brooding songs, focused on vocalist Dara's sweet strains. But their music seems to contain qualities more akin to folk-rock; Joni Mitchell's *Blue* album comes to mind, or 10,000 Maniacs' *In My Tribe*. Their songs draw on these but take them



ANGER OVERLOAD @ STARRZ

to their more haunting extremes. Maybe this is their Gothic sensibility. In any case, the band played a well-received show, especially for their first in Salt Lake and outside their native Seattle. They may be limiting their audience by pigeonholing themselves in a genre; especially one that is as claustrophobic as the Gothic scene. The band definitely has a wide appeal to all sorts of alternative types. Grab a copy of either of their two singles if you missed the show—*Voltaire's Valerie* or *Jardeu Blue*, available through AIDA House Records—and formulate your own opinion.

—Christina, the Astonishing.

LOVEBUCKET ANGER OVERLOAD

April 28th @ ABC's In Provo

My heavens! A bar in Provo? And one that hosts the evils of punk rock? Who would have thought? And who could have guessed that this little hole-in-the-wall bar, ABC's, could be so much fun? A real mix up of cowboys, hessians, skaters and regular joes, ABC's is the perfect venue for local bands. The juke-box blared out Madonna's *Vogue* and then slipped in to some Garth Brooks nonsense or other. What a great way to start any gig!

ANGER OVERLOAD took the stage much to the chagrin of the pool-playing regulars, but Brad Barker's stand-up comedy in between songs, as well as his unrivaled stage persona (what other lead singer could lift his guitar player, let alone carry him around the stage over his shoulder?) soon won the hearts of everyone in the bar. His claims that they were any band from ABBA to BLACK SABBATH were met with heartfelt cheers and rousing applause. ANGER OVERLOAD has gotten even better since I saw them open for KMFDM. They are heavy! The music shifts between frantic punk speeds to grungy, metal reposes but retains its depth and edge no matter what. ANGER OVERLOAD is more melodious than most of the local bands and any discordance only adds to the overall appeal. Even under the disco lights they laid down a storm of music.

LOVEBUCKET is certainly something to behold, with a stand-up drummer who has a Sparkletts bottle as part of his kit (among other unidentifiable drum things) and a lead singer who is a cross between Pee-Wee Herman and the American Bobsled Team. LOVEBUCKET is reminiscent of the seminal new wave/early 80's punk bands that sprang up in garages everywhere across America; where any rich brat with a guitar found himself able at a

moment's notice to play three chords and write silly lyrics and be just plain punk. Case in point is the LOVEBUCKET song *Dogbite*, one of the few with intelligible lyrics. *Dogbite/Dogbite/Dogbite/On my le* (I hope I got that right). Definitely something to stimulate your mind, even enhance your life. Maybe it spews words of wisdom to the mentally challenged but anyone else will probably find LOVEBUCKET a little too zany. O.K., so they're not the TOY DOLLS, but if you should for some reason crave mindless, wacky punk-rock fun, the LOVEBUCKET's the band for you.

BOMB THE MIECES RIVERBED JED

April 29 - Bar & Grill

Man, I thought there was only gonna be two bands, so I showed up late. I completely missed RIVERBED JED, but several different people said they were really cool. Sorry about that guys.

THE MIECES were up next, and I do mean up! This three-piece band from 'Frisco jumped, bounced, spronged, and pogoed their way through a fine set of punchy, kick-ass Rock-N-Fuckin-Roll. Yeah, they were hot. Due to technical difficulties with an unfamiliar sound system and loud stage volume, the vocals were virtually inaudible, but that didn't stop their frenzied, sweaty delivery. They played like it was the last rock show of all time, and the audience loved 'em for it. Fuckit, who needs vocals anyway.

Then BOMB took the show and ran away with it. They started with their own Mad Doctor, reciting poetry about sexual deviance, and then the band whipped through a couple of comedy tunes before getting down to it. The sound-system bugs were ironed out, and BOMB went off.

And they fuckin' tore it up! Their diminutive bassist/vocalist belted out his classy, melodic vox like there were three of him, while the double-guitar attack screamed and wailed like lost souls in hell. The lead guitarist had the major Star Trek—Warp 9 effects, and the drummer just went ape-shit on his cymbals. They were so loud they melted the earwax in my ears, my fillings popped out and my goldfish died.

This long set of hookey rockers was saved from the tedium by the clever use of drop outs and stop-start reflexes, the Star Wars lead guitar, and sheer, raw stagecraft. This band knows how to wring every last drop of energy out of a song—and an audience. The dance floor was nappacked with moving bodies the whole

night, and I'll bet there wasn't a dry sweat-gland in the house after the hour-and-a-half-set.

A good time for all—proof yet again that the only place to be on Thursday night is the Bar & Grill, next week bring your mom.

—The Subhuman

HELIOS CREED

ICEBURN

ANGER OVERLOAD

May 4 - Club Starrz

How in the hell, can one make such mean sounds from a guitar? ANGER OVERLOAD seems to creep like ants in your pants. I have also selected them as the sassiest band in Salt Lake, NOT Stone Pony. Terminal Technical Difficulties prevented them from finishing their set.

ICEBURN is going off in an all different directions as far as I can tell, I say check'em out again if you haven't seen them lately.

This is a bad review for HELIOS CREED. They lagged

—Pork Chopper



COWS @ STARRZ

COWS

JANITOR JOE

SPORE

May 13 - Club Starrz

I don't think the fact that Mike Dean (former C.O.C.) is in the band brought many people to see this band. I don't even know which one he was, Mike could have been the drummer for all that I know. SPORE is good and all, but they were a bit too complicated and hard to follow. Alas they played their hearts out to but a few bobbing listeners.

JANITOR JOE turned the volume up to 11. Loud as fuck and pissed as hell they moved like a steamroller through an incredibly cool set.

I have waited a long time, which seems to be an eternity, to behold the magnificent, full-on rude splen-

dor, which would be the COWS. The COWS messed shit up live as I knew they would, complete with handlebar mustaches, crazy tattoos, and three breasts. Shanon (singer) also had a cigarette butts hanging from his braid.

The noise was outta sight. The noise being their "music." Raw, rude, and down right annoyingly powerful. No one can compare with the COWS. I'm sorry if you weren't there. You just could never experience anything like this.

"Shitbeard," "Sexy Pee Story," and a cover of "Jesus Christ Superstar," 39 lashes. The crowd was full of punks, drunks, gorillas (no fucking lie) and it all was killer. I couldn't help but laugh, it was fucking amazing.

—Chopper

FIREHOSE

RUN WESTY RUN

May 23 - Bar & Grill

It had been almost six years. I had missed at least three of their last trips here, but I finally got to see FIREHOSE again in Salt Lake City. Some things just get better with age. The group played songs from all their albums, with no two the same. This rhythm section is tighter than the proverbial duck's ass. They are heavy in ways that most "grunge" groups couldn't even comprehend. A highlight was "Down With The Bass," in which they demonstrated that Mike Watt on that very instrument is the driving force of the group. Not to take anything away from the other members: George Hurley drummed like crazy, even taking a solo, and Ed FROMOHIO provided vocals and cool guitar riffs. These guys lay down a groove that puts Red Hot Chili Peppers to shame.

For an encore they went from the old Minutemen song "Badges" into the Butthole Surfers' "Revolution," then some more originals. For a second encore, they did "The Red and the Black," by Blue Oyster Cult. The appreciative and near capacity Bar & Grill crowd would've listened all night, but if they were like me, they were having a hard time hearing by then, due to the aural damage sustained, not to mention sundry bruises from the mosh pit. RUN WESTY RUN, a labelmate from FIREHOSE's SST days, opened a show that started hot and just kept getting hotter. Hose me down!

—Brian Staker

live photos by
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ROCKABILLY



BROKEN HEARTS

PHOTO: ROBERT DeBERRY

In the last three years that I've lived on and off here in Utah, probably the biggest complaint I've had is the lack of a cool alternative roots music scene here in Utah. Well, for the first time since I've lived here I've got to say that I'm really excited about what's happening with the alternative roots scene here now. When I say excited that's actually an understatement, I meant to say ecstatic! Right now, at this very moment there are no less than five, alternative roots bands, and I'm gonna tell Y'all a little bit about a couple of those bands I've had a chance to go see in the last month.

Last week I had a chance to see one of the coolest bands I've seen in a long time. I'm talkin about a new set of cats that go by the name of **BROKEN HEARTS** I caught these cats down at **BURT'S TIKI LOUNGE** in Salt Lake, and I gotta tell ya, they knocked my socks off. The band is fronted by Andy Belenger (that's right, the same Andy who plays drums for the **DEAD KATS**, another extremely cool band) who sings and plays guitar for the swingin' quartet. What Andy and the cats are tryin' to do is bring back some of the great old 'honky tonk' sounds that once upon a time came pouring out of the studios in Memphis and Nashville. Their music is very much in the style and sound that to define such seminal artists as Patsy Cline, Buck Owens, Willie Nelson and Roy Orbison. Their music is packed with swing and heavy on the heartbreak, and one listen to these cats and you'll be converted. The thing about the music that the **BROKEN HEARTS** play is that you really can't pull it off without some fabulous singing, and brother, let me tell you

straight from the horses mouth that Andy Belenger has been a hidden gem behind that **DEAD KATS** drum kit. With a voice that ranges from a Bob Wills/Gene Autry yodel to the beautiful falsetto of Roy Orbison to the country hiccup of Buck Owens and Hank Williams, Andy is the best damn singer I've heard in a long time. So, if you're lookin' for a good time, or if you've had your heart broken and you're lookin for a band to listen to while you cry into your beer than don't miss out on the **BROKEN HEARTS**.

Another band I had a chance to catch this last month was a swingin' trio that goes by the name of the **DEL MOTELS**. Once again I had to restrain my pleasure as I watched yet another rockabilly band shake, rattle and roll it's way onto the Utah music scene. Borrowing heavily from both straight up rockabilly and good ol' Texas road house blues, these cats are workin' on a sound that outta keep all you cats and kittens dancin' in your creepers and saddle shoes. While the **DEL MOTELS** are still a really new band and lack the final polish, I have a feeling that within a few months they could turn out to be one of the local favorites with my old pal Tim poundin' on his Strat and beltin' his lungs out. These boys are definitely worth takin' the time to check out.

This month was also a great month in my jukebox as it seemed like every day my mailbox was filled with one rockin' platter after another. First up is the new (and sadly the last) album by the late **BUCK NAKED** (aka Philip Bury) AND THE **BARE BOTTOM BOYS**. For those of you who aren't familiar withol' BUCK, he and the boys have been

packn' em in out in San Francisco ever since they moved out to sunny California from their home in Nebraska. Without question Buck and the boys were the best live band I've ever seen, as well as the funniest. Buck christened his brand of rock n' roll **PORNO-BILLY** and sang some of the dirtiest songs you'll ever hear here this side of a sailors convention. Buck used to used to come on stage wearin' nothin' but a pair of pink cowboy boots, a big ol' cowboy hat, a pair of sun glasses and a strategically placed toilet plunger. The music was swingin' and the band was wild. Sadly, about six months ago Buck was murdered while walking his dog in Golden Gate Park late one night. Those of us who knew Buck were devastated by the news, and deeply saddened that one of California's greatest bands had lost its heart and soul. The only good thing to come out of all this is the album that the band released last month, and which Buck had finished recording shortly before his death. If you're a fan of twisted psychobilly in the mode of **THE CRAMPS** then you'll absolutely love this album. It'll give you at least a small taste of what it was like to see **BUCK NAKED AND THE BARE BOTTOM BOYS** in person. We'll all miss you Buck! You can find Buck's new c.d. at Crandall Audio in Orem and at any other cool record stores in Utah.

Next up in my jukebox is a tape by one of my all time favorite bands **THE DAVE AND DEKE COMBO** entitled **HOME BREWED DEMOS**. If you like rockabilly music like it was back in '54 then these are the cats for you. Along with their good friends (and fellow Los Angeleans) **BIG SANDY AND THE FLYRITE BOYS**, **THE DAVE AND DEKE COMBO** are one of the most authentic pure rockabilly bands around. With vocals harmonies that rival anything Don and Phil Everly ever put out, and music that kicks as hard as Johnny Burnette and the Rock n' Roll Trio, this band has it all and then some. Deke Dickerson is a fabulous guitar player who coaxes tones out of his old Moserite double neck that'll make you cry! Dave Stuckey and Deke share the vocal duties and this band, and this tape are as good as anything else that's ever graced this old boys stereo. My only complaint is that this eight song demo isn't long enough! It could use about ten or twenty more songs. I defy any true fan of rockabilly music to not love this tape after your first listen. These cats are so gone it's scary! If you're interested

in gettin' a demo for your very own self you can write the boys at:

**P.O. Box 89104
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Last but by no means least are two new offerings from England's rockin' **NERVOUS RECORDS**. In case you've never heard of **NERVOUS RECORDS**. The two platters I'm gonna tell you about right now are "**OTHER WORLDS**" by Scotland's own **URANIUM CATS** and "**VIKING ATTACK**" by Denmark's **TAGGY TONES**. Both of these albums contain the one element that seems to run through everything that Nervous puts out: **THEY KICK ASS!** These two platters are so hot they'll burn your fingers. **THE URANIUM CATS** have a swingin' style that ranges from pure psycho to straight up rockabilly with the guitars howlin' and the slaps bass a' pumpin'. This album is easily one of the best I've ever heard all year (or ever for that matter) and it's a must have for any true billy to have in his or her collection. It's definitely one platter that matters!

The **TAGGY TONES** also play a rockin' style that is often described as Euro-billy, the mixture of hard edged European psycho and good ol' rockabilly. These cats are loads of fun and from song one 'til the albums over you'll have to unfasten your seat belts and start boppin'. The **TAGGY TONES** are not afraid to slow it down a little and some of their slower stuff reminds me a bit of Chris Isaak, but their real forte is rockin' the joint, and that's when these boys are at their best. In my opinion this album is another must buy, and if you miss out on it don't say I didn't warn ya! If any of you out there are interested in ordering from **NERVOUS RECORDS** (Whose lineup includes **THE PHAROAHs**, **FRENZY**, **RESTLESS**, **THE SHARKS** and **THE FRANTIC FLINSTONES**) you can write to them at:

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the last thing I've got to tell y'all before I head out for another month is that you can start looking for a new rockabilly fanzine to come out in July. No word yet on the title, but it should be a lot of fun, so keep your eyes peeled! Catch ya later.

I AM A RICH MAN

I have a black Swiss army knife with 29 functions.

I have arthritis, asthma and scars.

And I have good intentions.

I have a refrigerator, with eggs and mustard.

And the warm, lazy smell of bread.

I've got the blues, a collection of bills, and a mother who loves me.

I have memories, and a persistent cough, shit stains in my underwear, a zippo lighter, and green toothpaste, and beer. I have antibiotics and aspirin, fabric softener, strong sexual urges, and hair on my toes, and a mean streak too.

Also

I have gas, and an evil side, a few nasty habits, several problems, and a nice smile.

I have a box of old letters and aging poems, parking tickets, and the sun on the lake on a clear morning.

I have some socks, and some holes, color TV, and jazz in stereophonic sound, and one gray hair in my left eyebrow.

And

I've got my dreams, a wild imagination, a paper and a pen, and some hope and one good shirt.

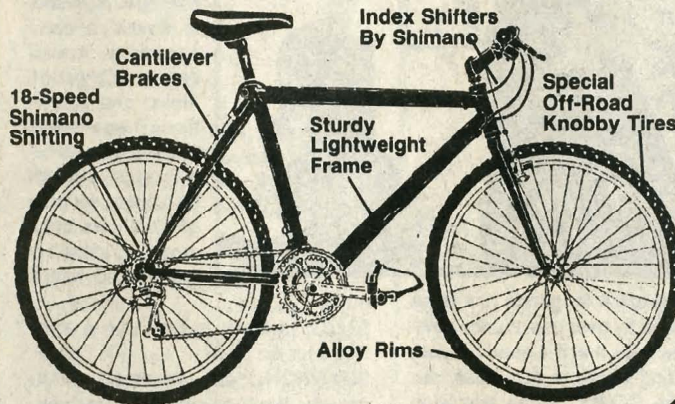
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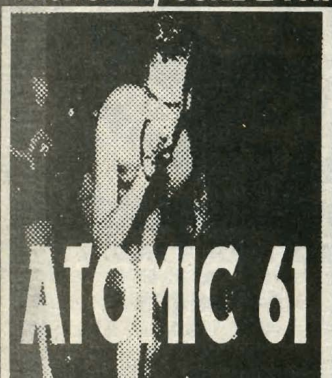
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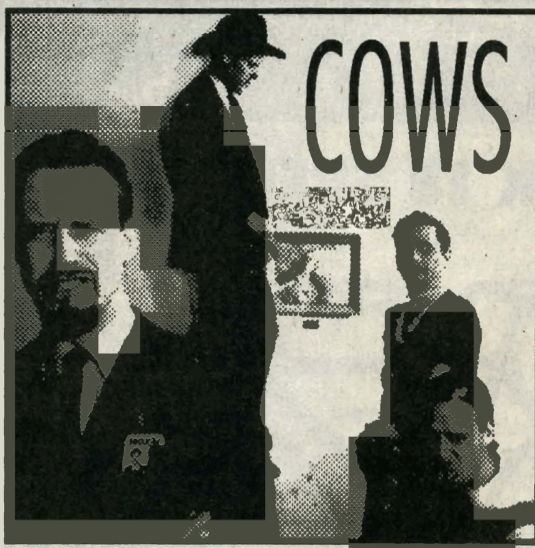
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STIMBOY



The English language has been so neutered by over use of once powerful adjectives that it is nearly impossible to find words to accurately describe the COWS. When television describes soft drinks as "awesome" and haircuts as "radical" it behooves the struggling Stimboy to search for more obscure and esoteric descriptions. I say it's time to take the English language back from Madison Avenue and put things in proper perspective. Mount Everest is awesome, Abbie Hoffman was radical and the COWS are both. Ask any of the stunned audience members who saw them at Club Starzz last May. The COWS are the circus, tragicomedy, theatre of cruelty and furiously pounding music all rolled into one. They occupy the rarified air that properly includes Hubert Selby, George Grosz, George Bataille, Frank Kozik, Russ Meyer and Marcel DuChamp. (Look em up.) While Trent Reznor prances around the Sharon Tate house and Al Jourgenson makes videos with Ben Weasel and Big Bill Bourroughs himself, the COWS are putting the goods on the table and taking no prisoners. Like a young acolyte, I warily approached the COWS for insight on matters as timeless as the brutal tundra of the Australian outback. From these master mechanics of sonic mayhem, I share with you but a few pearls of wisdom gleaned from their sagacious council.

The COWS are:
Kevin "Wrinkly Meat" Ruttmanis:

Bass

Norm "Alice" Rogers: Drums

Thor "Cool Breeze" Eisenstrager:

Guitar

Shannon "Marble-Head" Selberg:
Vocal contortions and bugle.

The COWS have half a dozen LP's available on Tom Hazelmayer's Amphetamine Reptile label.

SLUG: Tell me how the magic marker tattoos evolved. These characters are in the Cartoon Corral video. They're totally identifiable Shannon type illustrations.

SHANNON: I used to draw a cartoon, sometimes it was called "Orgy of Mess" and sometimes it was called "Gadfly Nerve." I was supposed to do a poster for one of our shows but I ran out of ideas so I just used these

guys.

SLUG: Is there going to be a third video for AmRep?

SHANNON: Yeah, we already did it, actually. We're piecing it together now, we did "Sugartorch."

SLUG: By the way, Sexy Pee Story is incredible.

THOR: Nobody seems to be able to make up their minds, like one reviewer says it's softer, the next one says it's harder, weaker, stronger.

SLUG: Or they'll say you hit your peak with Daddy Has A Tail.

SHANNON: Now the new one is that we hit our peak with Effete and Impudent Snobs, it seems to move up every year.

SLUG: Do you think you're getting better over time? I mean, you could become a really slick rock and roll outfit if you wanted, but you seem to stay pure.

KEVIN: Pure?!

THOR: I think what you're driving at is that we're having a much better time in the studio now, we know more what we want to sound like. Those early records, the reason they sound like they do was not on purpose cause we thought they sounded really clean at the time. We just want the instruments to sound clear.

SLUG: How was recording at the new AmRep studios?

SHANNON: Sexy Pee Story was the first album recorded there. It's just a better deal for him and for the bands.

KEVIN: It's easier for everyone

SLUG: It makes more sense than paying some jack-ass 100 bucks an hour.

SHANNON: Now he pays himself.

KEVIN: There is a charge for the bands, but it's also cheaper than it would be at other places.

SLUG: What do you listen to when you're relaxing at home or on the road.

COWS: Charlie Pride, Hendrix, Muddy

Waters, Fuel, Ice Cube, Dwarves. Do you think it's really true that the guitar player's dead? That's the scuttlebutt. SLUG: No, I think he probably just got a job.

SHANNON: I just read that HeWhoCannotBeNamed got stabbed in Philadelphia.

KEVIN: I heard he tried to kill himself, put himself in a coma, came out of it, and then succeeded.

SLUG: Why haven't you made the jump to a major label? If the Butthole Surfers can do it, why not the Cows?

SHANNON: The Butthole Surfers waited 12 years to do it.

KEVIN: In another four years, we'll do it too! Everyone asks us that but it's like, nobody's really offering and if we did something like that it would be with the full cooperation of Hazelmayer and there would have to be a really good reason to do it. Now there isn't.

SLUG: How is the availability of product on AmRep? It seems like things go out of print frequently. Is that to make things collectable?

KEVIN: I don't think he's doing that, he's got everything in stock virtually all the time. That's just distributor bullshit.

THOR: He despises that sort of thing: He would probably do another printing of something if he thought people were hoarding it.

SHANNON: That early stuff, the reason it was collectable was that he was just starting out and didn't have the money to make a bunch of shit.

KEVIN: You couldn't give those fuckers away. He still laughs about that. When he found out that a couple of them were suddenly becoming collectable, he went around Minneapolis and bought 'em all back from the stores because they still had fifty copies of everything.

SHANNON: We go out of town and they'd be asking fifty bucks for a single and at the local record stores, there'd be a stack a couple of inches thick.

SLUG: Paige from Helmet told me Haze has all the vinyl copies of "Meantime."

KEVIN: No, he doesn't do that, that's his thing.

SLUG: I've never even seen a copy of "Taint Pluribus, 'Taint Unum."

SHANNON: It wasn't an AmRep album, there was only about 1200 of those ever put out.

KEVIN: And I think that guy is sitting on them. But I don't know, we don't know, who knows?

SLUG: Thor, who are your guitar influences?

THOR: My dad, Richard Nixon. . . The summer of ninth grade.

SLUG: Do you have NRA stickers on your van so you won't get pulled over?

KEVIN: It hasn't worked for us. Tom (Hazelmayer) does, but that's not why.

SLUG: Fizz Magazine said not to turn your back on Kevin.

KEVIN: Yeah I saw that and I couldn't figure out what the hell that was who wrote that or what I did to them. I saw

hat and was confused. I mean, it's not like I tried to ass-rape him or anything. SHANNON: But don't you remember doing stuff like that? This is something pretty recent, a couple of times I've crawled naked into bed with guys. I'm not gay or anything, I don't know what it is, get drunk and I just wanna hold something.

SLUG: What's your take on grunge-wear as a fashion statement.

KEVIN: They ran these grunge ads for Nordstrom's in Minneapolis. I called Nordstrom's in fact, in Minneapolis and asked for the "grunge" division of the store. And then he goes, "well, we don't really have one," and then I go, "well, what I really want is 'senior grunge' because my dad wants to get into it." He sent me to sporting goods or something, and I say "I'm looking for the senior grunge department of your store, is it with the grunge petites?" She was no help either.

SHANNON: They got Doc Martens for grade schoolers now.

SLUG: So what's the ideal death?

KEVIN: One that you don't know is coming and never feel.

SHANNON: Having sexual intercourse, I would think.

THOR: Evel Kenieval had a pretty good idea, a bottle of whiskey in one hand, a bottle of something else in the other, two women in each hand, a big ed.

SLUG: And now, the most important

question; who is Dr. Sphincter?

KEVIN: Tom Hazelmayer. The picture on the cover of "Plowed" is him drinking his lovely wife, Lisa's urine. These are little known truths. If you turn it upside down, it's pretty obvious that's urine. SHANNON: The picture on the back is from the Mormon bible.

THOR: It's Jesus getting head.

SHANNON: I sent him a free copy.

KEVIN: Doctor Sphincter is actually a comic in Minneapolis named Rich something, I forgot his last name. He puts out stuff which might be on public access or PBS. They're syndicating some of his shows now. He's been around for a long time. He's got a band that opens for us sometimes. He's a little wiggly, he gets nervous.

THOR: Did you see the gorillas?

There's guys in gorilla suits out there.

SLUG: Maybe they're from the escort service.

KEVIN: Excellent! That makes me want to get drunk. I have conquered AIDS! I don't have AIDS at all. I'm merely an alcoholic without enough beer.

JILL: The apemen are here.

KEVIN: That's good news. Gibby Haynes told a story in an interview that I know is probably not true but I love this idea. He claims the Buttholes were playing at some Halloween party or something and two guys showed up dressed as Abe Lincoln and got in a fist fight.



See Dick.

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READ MY LIPS

OO "Mumble, mumble in the kitchen."
OO "What?"

OO "I said: in the kitchen, in the kitchen." "Smatterthyoo? Pay 'tench."

OO This example is typical of a major communication problem. I believe most communication between humans is so flawed at some stage that misunderstanding is the only thing communicated.

OO I exempt animals in my treatise. Observe: "Cato, Wonder Kitty of mine, how would you like to help me take out the trash?"

OO "Meow." ("Buzz off, twit, I'm trying to take a nap.")

OO See? Flawless comprehension, insightful communication, perfect understanding.

OO Unfortunately it ain't so with humans.

OO Another example:

OO "Is Kevin Kelpus in today?"

OO "I'm not his secretary."

OO Now, of course, it's perfectly clear whether or not the subject of our inquiry is or not. Isn't it?

OO I'm often tempted when somebody provides an answer to a question I haven't asked yet to respond with the question to which they had just provided the answer in hopes of getting an answer to the question I had so far fruitlessly posed. The hope that two illogical statements will equal a logical one is the same concept as the double negative, or two wrongs don't make a right but three do. Thus:

OO "Are you Mr. Kelpus' secretary?"

OO "Mr. Kelpus is in today."

OO Unfortunately the usual response is, "I just said I am. 'Smatterthyoo? Pay tench."

OO Another: "I have a headache" is a time-honored answer to the question "Do you wanna?" It means "No." But if a tax hike were on the ballot, would it be the same if you penciled in "I have a headache" instead of "No?"

OO Remember the question is put in a political context. Politicians speak fluent Wonderlandish. The morning after is often April 15.

OO Another: "Have you seen where I put my glasses?"

OO "What's that on your nose, beetlebrain? A wristwatch?"

OO Since Freud began poking around under people's ids, people feel free to call a question in response to a question an answer.

OO But do we call an answer to an answer a question? Of course not.

OO Foreign languages aren't in the equation for brevity sake. One language to misunderstand at a time is enough. A paradox: many English-speaking Americans treat English as a foreign language.

OO Haste may contribute to this dilemma. Our technology-advanced age hasn't produced more leisure as advertised, but more haste. We're getting lazier, quicker.

OO The result? We skip the middle to get to the good stuff. For example, how many of you skipped from the first paragraph of this column to the last and aren't reading this?

OO You see?

OO Once you know a guy is a republican, do you conclude he doesn't wear U.S. flag underwear? And once you know a woman is a Democrat, do you conclude she isn't a hand grenade-throwing member of the NRA?

OO Labels are thinking shortcuts. They free us so that we have more time for apathy, despair, domestic violence and TV news.

OO Do you think some people skip steps because they expect others to

be as smart as themselves? Yeah, me too.

OO The first communication breakdown signs occur when we expect people to pay attention to us. Some views as selfishly arrogant our belief that what we have to say merits attention.

OO (Some statements can't be ignored or misunderstood: "This is a stick-up," or "You're fired," or "I'm pregnant.")

OO Clearly, some people are unclear deliberately. If there was no purpose in being unclear, ask yourself why nobody understands legal, tax, or insurance company forms. You're supposed to pay the people who wrote them to translate them for you.

OO Imagine a world where everybody speaks so clearly lawyers aren't needed to translate for us. Glastnost in Your Face. Gorp: "Cut weaponskds?" Bush: "Yep. Free Lithuania?" Gorb: "Da."

OO That ol' debbil cynicism tempts me to say that it's bad enough some people talk with their mouth full but too many also talk with their brain empty. The problem is deeper and will require a larger shovel to dig up.

OO The ultimate secret in effective communication, it appears, is listening.

OO You didn't know that?

OO "Smatterthyoo? Pay 'tench."

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SHORT STORY

SNAKE HANDLER

r. bradford yates

With the index finger on her right hand, she creates invisible circles on his chest. Her head rests on his belly and with her ear pressed firmly against his stomach, she can hear the humming of satellites. Very far off satellites. This doesn't bother her now. The room is encased in ten feet of lead to keep out the prying eyes of those fixed orbit voyeurs.

His chest is soaked with sweat. In fact, his entire body is wet. The thermometer outside says that it's one-hundred and three degrees. He sips on a cigarette with his eyes closed. The television screen is snow.

"It's just like Christmas, isn't it?" She is staring at the screen. She has been for over an hour. With her fingers on her left hand, she makes a little man who walks about his stomach. Cautiously, this little-man believe person places a foot in his belly button. "You're a hairy man you know?"

"Uh-huh." His eyes still closed-the finger man marches south.

"There's a whole garden here." The soldier pauses. "Is it safe?" Should he retreat? There may be boobie traps."

His eyes open now. They stare at the cracks in the wall-papered ceiling. "There are no boobie traps. However, Allied Command has issued warnings that all personnel should be on guard against attacks by vipers. Said vipers contain extremely potent venom which they contain in the large glands visible at the base of the head." His eyelids fall shut.

"If an enlistee should stumble across one of these vipers, what procedure should be used to subdue and pacify the beast?" Her face turns around to face his. "Hello? Come in Allied Command."

"There are several methods of taming vipers. The most effective being message. Have you spotted a viper?"

"Yes sir, there's one at my feet."

"Have you made eye contact with the creature in question?"

"Yes Sir. It's staring right at me."

"Good. Now you must retain eye contact at all times. If you so much as

blink, he may strike. What is this viper doing?"

She looks back at her soldier. "Well Sir. Right now he's lying quietly in some tall grass. Wait! He's stirring. Yes, I think that I approached him. He appears drowsy and disoriented."

"What you must now do is, get a hold of him. Around the neck."

Her breath comes in slight pants across his belly. "Wouldn't it be prudent to turn and flee Sir?" The soldier takes a step backward.

"No! You must not turn your back, or show any sign of fear. they can sense it you know. You see that ring around it's neck?"

She moves her face closer to the finger puppet. "Yes Sir, I think I see what you're speaking about."

He inhales deeply off the cigarette and holds it in. The smoke itself causing the expansion of the air sacs in his lungs. He speaks while the smoke exits. "Well soldier. That area is extremely sensitive. It can detect even the slightest movement. The most minute change in barometric pressure. Now that it has spotted you, there is no retreating. You must pacify it. Do you read me?"

"Loud and clear Sir. Requesting procedure on disabling the viper Sir."

Overhead passes a jet airliner. Its roar blocking transmission as he speaks. He speaks slowly. His voice only vaguely audible below the din of the jet. "...until the venom is extracted. Do you read?"

"Sorry Sir. Wasn't able to copy that. Some of our fly boys' were passing overhead. Please repeat last transmission."

"Roger. As I was saying earlier. You must grab it too low as it is very flexible when at rest." He strains his ears to hear the faint, distant moan of the jet.

"Sir. I believe that it's becoming agitated. It's rising into the air. Growing larger." Her eyes become big and round as she watches the nature exhibit occurring before her.

"That's good. It's easier to extract the venom that way. Try poking at it with your foot until it seems to be fully erect."

With the index finger on her left hand, she taps the ring around the neck of the beast. "It's working sir."

What's it doing?"

"Well Sir. It's grown to at least

three times its previous size. And it appears to be doing some sort of dance. It's swaying too and fro. As if it were attempting to hypnotize me. Why is it doing that?" Her vision remains fixed on the serpent as she strokes it with her finger.

"Apparently it has mistaken you for another viper. A female viper, as this one displays the behavior of a male by taking the aggressive role. This is one flaw in viper society. From the moment of birth, vipers are expected to behave in different manners, according to gender assignment. The species that you are dealing with socialize their males to be the aggressor. While the females are more likely to accept a more passive role. This system creates various neurosis in the male, sometimes leading to violent exchanges with members of the same sex. Sometimes it will appear aloof and distant with the opposite. The danger comes with the variations in extremes..."

She cups her hand around the snake's neck. The snake retreats for a second, then tenses up again. She feels the blood pulsing, swimming thru its veins. It seems strange that such a violent creature could remain so soft to the touch. Her hand slides up and down the length of the beast. More tension, then, relax. And tension, relax.

"...With some male vipers, there is little if any risk of an aggressive encounter. Though these ones are the least likely to mate as the more aggressive ones win in the vying for females.

Survival of the fittest as Darwin once put it.

The less aggressive ones can usually be found at home on a Saturday night, watching television or perhaps writing poetry that no one will ever see. On the other hand. These winners in the battle for procreation can often be found in bars cinemas; lovely little blonde vipers on their arms, whispering in their ears. These vipers laugh a lot.

Female vipers are very treacherous. Beware of them..."

Her hand moves faster now. Stroking the neck of the snake. Occasionally, her fingers straying to where this viper stores its venom at the base. They rove about, squeezing gently.

"...They are very sly..." He swallows hard. "...they are also clever and can be demanding. They require constant attention and showering with

compliments. If the male should stumble into the domain of a female, she will inject her venom into his soul, causing paralysis. She will next steal the key to his mind. Unlock his head and trespass on his dreams. Slowly eroding them with her presence, until they wash away with the rain.

These female vipers wear such fine costumes making it very hard for the male-be he passive or reactive-to deny such beauty. This is and always will be the fall of the male." His respiration increases with his pulse. He finds himself in need of a greater supply of oxygen. She continues stroking the viper. His head falls back, his neck tense, mouth open.

"Is there any other way to appease this beast of prey?" The motion subsides. Her breath on the neck of the snake. The snake quivers and attempts to leap from her grasp. Its head swollen. A trace of venom on its lips. "Wait...I'm not certain weather or not this is an approved method, but I once saw a program on P.B.S. There was a female snake handler. She was attempting to remove venom from a viper, a lot like this one, only smaller. I seem to remember her doing something like this." She lifts her head off of his stomach, arches her back and swings her left leg over his torso-facing him now, she takes his shoulders in her palms. Gently she lifts him from the pillow until his face is millimeters from hers. He opens his eyes. Her mouth is placed over his. His eyes close. "Do these vipers mate for life?" Against his mouth she whispers. Eyelashes tickle her cheek.

"Some do. Some don't. It has a lot to do with the occupation of the male."

"And supposing this male has no occupation?" Her mouth glides to his ear.

"In that case, the answer is almost always no. She will always have an eye out for another. Oh sure, she'll keep him around until a wealthier male comes around. When she finds another. She's gone as quickly as she appeared. Without explanation."

Pulling her back away she looks right at him. "That's horrible!" She then places her cheek on his shoulder.

Being unobserved during this distraction. The viper, free now, quickly takes shelter in a near by cave.

The viper quivers in the damp moist cave, then relaxes for a long sleep.

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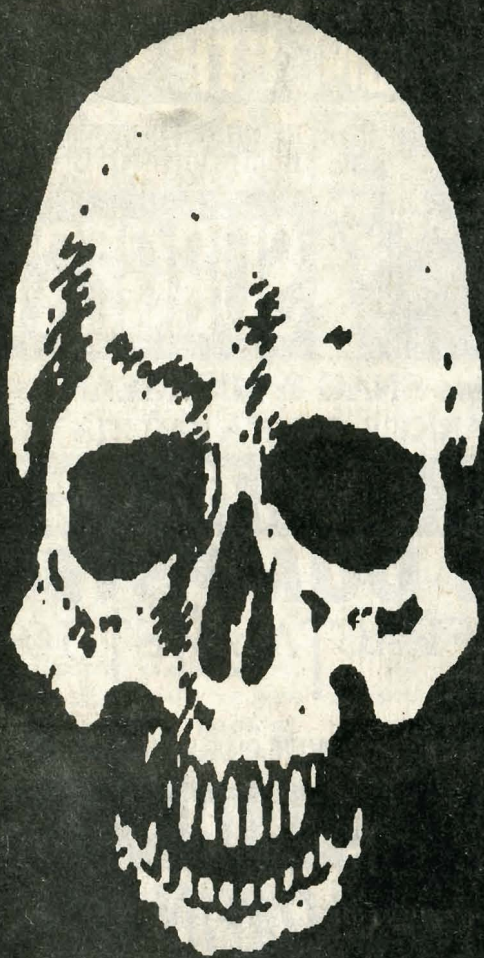


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